

Some Brethren Leaders of Yesterday as I Knew Them

I. Elder H. S. Jacobs

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Of the group of twenty-six preachers, who constituted the leadership in the Dayton Convention, held in September, 1883, only three are now living. In reality there are four who survive, but only three remain with the Brethren church, and it is with this part of the group that these papers are to be concerned. The three of whom I shall write as I have time and opportunity, are Brethren Jacobs, Kiehl and J. H. Worst. The forty-two years which have elapsed since that historic gathering, has all but wiped out the men who prayed and wrought that an organization might be affected, which should stand squarely on the Word and whose government should be "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Most of those who are gone, labored and sacrificed heroically for the principles which led to the calling of that meeting, until the Lord in whose name they assembled, called them from labor to that "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Two of the three who survive, are men of advanced age, bearing the marks of the years which have passed, waiting faithfully to rejoin the group which assembles on the other side. I shall notice these first, as I know them, and the first of these is he whose name appears at the head of this paper.

Brother Henry S. Jacobs was born in York County, Pennsylvania, October, 1844, and is thus in the 82nd year of his age. He became a Christian at the age of 16, uniting with the Tunker church, by which he was called to the office of deacon eight years later. And still later, he was called to the ministry. Just after the dark days of division came, he had moved to Medina County, Ohio, and, casting his lot with the Brethren cause, he organized the Homer church in the fall of 1883, becoming its pastor, and maintaining that relation with the congregation for a period of 32 years. Not only did he preach, but he supported himself and his family, by cultivating his farm. He also had a prayer meeting in his country church, which was of the ever green variety, and he missed less than a dozen of the meetings in the whole term of his service. Perhaps twenty years ago, his eyes began to fail, and finally he became entirely blind, but even with this handicap, he continued to serve his church, both in the pulpit and prayer meeting, remaining as pastor for seven years after this darkness settled upon him, until his good wife passed to her reward, when it was no longer possible to continue the work. For the last eighteen years he has lived in a world of darkness, and that without complaint, though I am sure his physical word is the more dark, because he can not longer be active in the cause in which he spent so many of his earlier years. He lives now, as he has done for the past eleven years, with his only child, Dr. Jacobs, president of Ashland College, in whose home he receives every care that love and profound respect can suggest, waiting for his call into the home where blindness shall not afflict.

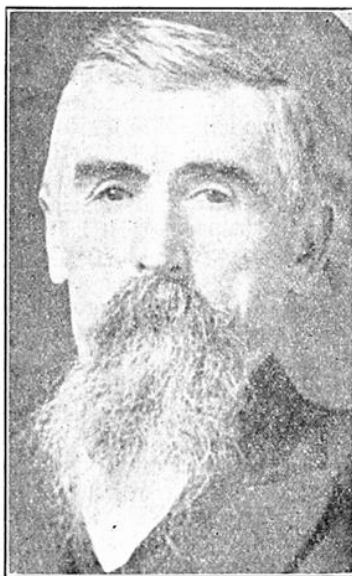
I think I met Brother Jacobs first during my work in the college, almost forty years ago, for he did some of the preaching here then, living as he did in an adjoining congregation. Of course I met him often afterward, for he was a faithful participator in the conferences of the church, serv-

ing at least once as state moderator, at West Alexandria. He was never self-assertive, nor much in the public eye in these conferences, but when he had a word to say, it was the right word, and its saying caused no sting, because there was never any rancor in his heart. Perhaps the most affecting scene with which my memory associates him, was one which occurred sixteen years ago. The Ohio district conference was being held here at Ashland, in the College chapel. During the sessions, Brother Jacobs came in, being led by his wife. As they came down the aisle, the congregation arose and remained standing until he had been seated, thus giving expression to the deep respect in which he was held, for this was during the days when, though blind, he continued to

serve as the pastor of the Homer church. He was asked to address the conference upon any subject his heart might dictate, and both the man and his message, profoundly gripped the hearts of those who saw and heard.

I most devoutly hope that none who read this paper, will ever suffer so great an affliction as that which has fallen upon this man of God, but if such affliction must come, I pray that it may be borne with as beautiful a spirit of resignation, as that which finds expression in him. I am sure that in it and underneath it, lies unquestioning faith in the positive declaration, "All things work together for good, to them that love the Lord." It must also be a source of deep satisfaction to him, to know, that if further service in and for the church is denied to him, he is still serving, in the person of his brilliant son, toward whose training and preparation, he made willing contribution. In him and his descendants, he shall long continue to bless mankind, and advance the Kingdom in which he gave so many years of faithful service.

Ashland, Ohio.



Elder H. S. Jacobs

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Earlier Days, as I Knew Them

II. Samuel Keihl

By Martin Shively, D.D.

In a recent article which appears on these pages from the pen of Brother W. C. Teeter, we were told not only of the late activities of the congregation at Dayton, but we were also told a bit as to the numerical strength which the church there has attained. The writer is perfectly conversant with at least one period of the history of the church there, for he became its pastor when it could scarcely muster a hundred souls, and when its entire budget, except that part which was shouldered by our district mission board, was not more than \$500.00, and it was not an easy matter to provide for even that much of a load. I spent six full years there, and had the great pleasure of seeing the congregation grow to a group of 350 souls, entirely self supporting, and entirely out of debt. Too much could not be said in praise of the leaders who have served since my day, for both Brethren Bame and Bell have made great contribution to the place which the congregation has reached,—that of being by far the largest congregation in our fraternity. Under the leadership of Brother Bell, who has been on the field ten years, it has become a mighty force in the city, both for righteousness, and loyalty to the Brethren plea,—“The whole gospel for the whole world.” Several persons are members of that great congregation now, who have been associated with it for more than forty years, even from its beginning, but among them, is one whose prayer and effort has ever been in its behalf, and upon whom the responsibility of leadership rested, and that one is the man of God whose name appears at the head of this paper. Brother Keihl was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, July 23, 1837, and is thus approaching the end of the 89th year of his life. At 18 years of age, ambitious beyond the rank and file of the men of his time, he matriculated in Mount Pleasant College of his native state, and after coming to Ohio a year later, he continued his studies at Otterbein University. While a student there, he gave his heart into the keeping of his Lord, to whom he has been faithful even until now. None can read the rather frequent articles which appear on these pages, written by him, and not be convinced of his unswerving devotion to both God and his Word. He became a member of the Tunker church in Dayton, in 1868, and at the organization of the First Brethren church in Dayton, April 20, 1882, he was chosen to the ministry, and to the pastorate of the infant congregation. For the first five years of the history of this great congregation, he served as its pastor, entirely without remuneration. Beginning with a membership of thirteen, the number grew to 64 under his leadership, as he gave such time as could be spared from his secular duties, for he served as city mail carrier at least a part of this time. He is one of the four survivors of the ministerial group which made ecclesiastical history at the Dayton convention, September, 1883. His life has been an exceedingly active one, both religiously and otherwise. A small man,

and spare of frame, quick in word and act, those who know him could never think of him as drowsing, especially when there is work to be done. A man of deep conviction, of intense loyalty to God and his church, always willing to spend and be spent for the advancement of the Kingdom,—that is Brother Keihl. I became acquainted with him 33 years ago, when as pastor at Gratis, I spent a few days in his home, and when later I became his pastor, and continued in that relation for a period of six years, I had abundant opportunity to come very close to him, for in the midst of such discouragements as are common to a weak and struggling church in a great city, both by his presence at every service which he found it possible to attend, and more, by his earnest prayers in behalf of both cause and pastor, as well as his ready and hopeful counsel, he was a source of strength to us all. I shall never forget one scene with which my memory associates him. We had been struggling along with our finances, as may be too common even today, raising needed funds by main strength and awkwardness, mostly the latter, until under one of the most impassioned appeals I had ever made, the church adopted the every member canvass and the weekly pay plan. I made that canvass myself, and on the first Sunday morning, following its operation, as the financial officers sat at a table counting the offering, he came forward to ask what the amount was. When he was told that it totaled something more than \$20.00, tears came to his eyes, and he said with prayerful reverence, “Thank God, the Dayton church is assured.” And from that day to this it has been forging ahead. His utterance was prophetic.

His story is told of a great revival which swept over the Scandinavian peninsula, long years ago. Before it ended, thousands had been brought into the Kingdom of the Lord. When inquiry began to be made as to the birth of the era of blessing, and after seeking here and there, it was at last agreed, that it had grown from the quiet, persistent prayer of one unassuming man, who had for years been pleading for just such an outpouring. Thus too, now that the Dayton church has become so great an institution for good in the splendid city in which it is located, not forgetting the strong men who have led, both in pulpit and pew, I am still of the opinion that this quiet, unassuming servant of God, whose prayers in its behalf have never failed to go up to the Throne of grace, has had more to do with it than we can know. The weight of years make it impossible for him to attend the services of God's house with any degree of regularity, but we who know him, know too that he still prays, and his prayers find gracious answer. Under the tender ministry of his loving and faithful daughter, Mary, he approaches the time when he shall rejoin the great company of dear ones who are on the other side, and as he waits, no fear mars the serenity of his soul.

Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

III. John H. Worst

By Martin Shively, D.D.

The third and last surviving member of the ministerial group in attendance at the Dayton Convention, about whom I shall write, is the man whose name appears at the head of this paper. He had already proved himself in the ministry, both as a preacher and a leader. He is a son of Elder George Worst, and having thus grown up in a minister's home he had the advantage of a devout environment, through which he was early led to make choice of Jesus as Savior and Lord. He was born in Ashland County, Ohio, December 23, 1850, and is thus no longer a young man, in spite of the fact that he seems so, both in appearance and alertness. He united with the church of his father during the winter of 1877, and was chosen to the ministry two years later. Feeling that the time was at hand when the church must provide itself with trained leaders, he joined with Elders E. C. Packer and S. Z. Sharp in the raising of funds for the building of Ashland College, continuing the effort until the opening of the School, when he became first on the list of those who matriculated for study in its halls. During his school work and immediately thereafter, his active soul found expression in editorial writing, for the Gospel Preacher, then the organ of the progressive wing of the Tunker fraternity, and also in the pulpit, for he served as pastor of the Brush Creek church, in Fairfield County, Ohio. Numerous booklets were written also during these years, two of which I remember well—"Weighed in the Balances, and Found Wanting" and "Where is Holsinger"? being their titles. During these troubled days, his was a voice that never faltered, and his a pen that never failed, for he was at the forefront, among the leaders of those who stood for "The Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel." With his trenchant pen, his fearless heart, and his ringing messages of Gospel truth, he held such a position in the church, as would have enabled him to go far as a leader in its ranks. But his advanced position on matters of polity, made him a marked man, by the reactionary element of the church, and in spite of what he was, and what he might have become in the united brotherhood, he was expelled from the body in 1883, and cast his lot with the Brethren wing of the church, taking an active part in the conference by which it was formally reorganized. Many a soul was sorely tried during the dark days of 1880 to 1883, and as a result, sought fields in which to serve, outside the paths which had earlier attracted and held them. Serve they must, for the spirit which God had breathed into them, could find no peace outside the realm of active service, in a world so full of need.

Brother Worst emigrated with his family, in the spring of 1884, to North Dakota, where he took up a homestead, and at once found opportunity to work for the common good. He was elected County Superintendent of Schools, which office he held until the fall of 1889, when he was elected to the state senate, where he served until 1894, when he was elected Lieutenant Governor. In 1895 he was chosen president of the State Agricultural College, a position which he held for twenty-one years, until 1916. Then followed a year of service as editorial manager of a state daily paper. Later he was appointed Commissioner of Immigration, a position in which he served four years. He has at last decided that younger men may carry the loads, and he has settled contentedly in the home of a son, where he and his wife find the peace and quiet which their exceedingly active lives have earned. The new home is at Fairview, Montana, from which vantage spot, he watches with inter-



ELDER J. H. WORST
Member of the Dayton Convention

est, as the world goes by. Brother Worst is by no means a worn out man, and as he appears before us here at the college, for he comes occasionally to visit his brother, E. J. Worst, who has long lived in Ashland,—when he thus appears before us, full of vigor and mental alertness, no one would believe that he was born in 1850. God has used him widely, and preserved him wonderfully, and this, his servant has not forgotten his Lord, nor will he, according to his recent testimony here.

I met Dr. Worst first, during my school days, here at Ashland, forty years ago, for he had come east to visit his aged father, and came over to spend a bit of time in his alma mater. In an address which I heard him make at that time, I was at once convinced of the fact that in him I had met a real leader of men, and one whose wit and powers of description entitled him to a high place among the intellectual light of the day. He told us about the new land to which he had gone but a few years earlier,—a land which then seemed to most of us so remote that it was almost out of the world entirely, but he told his story so well, that after all these years I have still a fairly workable outline of it in my memory. I have met him a number of times since then, and the earlier opinion I had formed of him has not been modified in the least,—he is an exceptional man and one who has served widely and well. When I last saw him, which was but a few months ago, I expressed to him my keen regret that he had not served in the ministry of preaching, instead of the ministry of service. Knowing him as I do, I shall continue to regret it, for with such talents as he possessed, the ministry of the church would have been greatly enriched. In a communion service which he attended here a year ago, he testified to the loyalty of his heart to the cause of Brethrenism, and declared that he would be a Brethren until the end. Thus his forty-two years of separation from the church has not led him to compromise his faith, which speaks volumes for his steadfastness.

I have never doubted the wideness of the field in which God's children can serve acceptably, and am quite ready to believe that the faithful teacher in the public schools, or those who have aught to do with the great field of instruction of youth, have a place, or may have it, in the Kingdom activities, as honorable and as full of possibilities for good, as the ordained minister of the Gospel. And I also believe that the man who serves in a legislative or executive capacity, may serve his Lord quite as acceptably and efficiently, as the men who stand behind the sacred desk. And the man who helps to make two blades of grass to grow where only one could have been grown before, has made a real contribution to the well-being of his fellow men, and may have his place among the folks to whom the great Judge of all will say,—"I was hungry and ye gave me meat." The subject of this sketch, is such a man, and while I stand gladly among his many friends who delight to honor him for the good he has done, I am still profoundly sorry that he did not see his way clear to spend his life in the preaching of the Gospel, from the sacred desk, because he could have done it so much more effectively than I. And so much more acceptably. But, at least he has served, and served widely, and honorably and well, and to all such, who have been actuated by the spirit of our Lord, he will say at last, "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Ashland, Ohio.

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The **BRETHREN EVANGELIST**

- ONE - IS - YOUR - MASTER - AND - ALL - YE - ARE - BRETHREN -



ELDER J. R. HOLSINGER

Of Sainted Memory and Chief Founder
of the Brethren Church

(See Dr. Shively's Article on page 4)

GENERAL ARTICLES

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

IV. Elder Henry R. Holsinger

By Martin Shively, D.D.

The man about whom I am writing, was born at Morrison's Cove, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1833, coming from a long line of Tunker stock, being a direct descendant of Alexander Mack, head of the movement which led to the organization of the church in Germany, in 1708, and who became its first pastor. Like his great ancestor Brother Holsinger was a man of deep religious convictions, and was absolutely without fear in the advocacy of them. He was also a man of great natural ability, a deep thinker and reasoner, always eager in his quest for truth. To a much larger extent than many of his friends know, or his enemies will admit, the great Tunker fraternity owes its present standing, both intellectually and spiritually, to him, and it furnishes his most enduring monument.

He was baptized in the spring of 1855, at Clover Creek, Pennsylvania, by Elder George Brumbaugh, and was called to the ministry October 28, 1866. In most things, he was always in harmony with what was then called, The German Baptist church,—now The Church of the Brethren, of which he was then a member. The fundamental doctrines and teachings of the church, have never had a more faithful adherent, nor a more fearless exponent than he. But he could not, and would not join in the prevailing opposition to education, Sunday schools, and missions, which was common in the church of fifty years ago, neither could he remain silent in his conviction that these things were enjoined by the church, by the very spirit, as well as the positive teaching of the Gospel of Christ. He thus became, somewhat early, involved in the controversy which naturally developed between the spirit of progress, and that spirit which was opposed to any change in the polity of the church. In fact, he was the recognized leader of the so-called "Progressives." Since the days of Christopher Sauer, the church had been without a literature, until 1851, when Elder Henry Kurtz launched a monthly publication, called the Gospel Visitor, with office and press room in the loft of his spring house, at Poland, Ohio,—and here Brother Holsinger came to serve an apprenticeship of a year, to learn the printer's art, and thence to prepare himself for the work he had cut out for himself. Here he dreamed dreams of future work for the church of his choice, and on January 3, 1865, he sent out No. 1 of Volume 1 of the new, and first weekly publication, entitled The Christian Family Companion. Brother Holsinger was editor and publisher and it was sent out from Tyrone, Pennsylvania.

He was then a young man of 32 years possessed of intelligence, and fearless in his utterances. He preached great sermons through his paper, and gathered to his support as contributors, the very best talent of the church. Naturally the paper became the champion of reform, and God knows it was needed, for the church had drifted from her moorings as a preacher and exponent of a positive Christianity, to a position of negative goodness. The new journal plead for a better prepared ministry, one which would be able to cope with any opposition,—a ministry educated and supported,

and the editor was profuse with his citations of Scripture, to prove the righteousness of his cause.

He stood for Sunday schools, prayer meetings and missions, and because of this, he very soon became the storm center of the church. These were positions on exceedingly advanced grounds, so far as the church of that day was concerned, and their advocate became the target for an ever increasing criticism at the hands of the general conferences of the church, until 1873, when he withdrew from the paper, but the heaven had been placed, and it continued to work, both in him, and in the church. Appeals became so numerous and so insistent, that he reentered the lists as editorial champion of ecclesiastical progress, that in 1878, he and

Brother J. W. Beer, sent out first numbers of a new paper,—The Progressive Christian, which was published at Berlin, Pennsylvania. Its influence was immediately felt, since it attacked fearlessly, the unscriptural practices of the church, but it also exposed its editors to merciless grilling at the hands of the ruling body of the church. This body began at once to lay plans for the sacrifice of the man whom it believed to be the chief offender against its traditions. The Annual Conference, held at Ashland, Ohio, in 1881, appointed a committee to visit him at Berlin, Pennsylvania, and it was given secret instructions to disfellowship him. This committee came to Berlin on August 9 of the same year, and in the most high handed manner, carried out its instructions. Its action was ratified by the conference of 1882, held at Arnolds' Grove, Indiana, in a most sensational session, and this resulted in immediate division of the fraternity. Some hundreds

of people at once withdrew from the conference with him, and several thousands more were ruthlessly expelled from the church because they persisted in fellowshipping him. This led, of course, to the organization of the Brethren church, with which his name and his deeds are inseparably linked. And rightly so, for he was moderator of its conferences, editor of its publications, and its historian.

The last serious work to which he gave himself, was his writing of the History of the Tunker and the Brethren Church. This would have been a heavy task for even a strong man, but Brother Holsinger was far from being such a man when he undertook the task. He had gathered not a little material for the book, from such sources as were available, but by far the larger part of it was the product of his own brain. He had been so intimately connected with the historic periods of the church, or at least such later periods, and had acquainted himself so thoroughly with its traditions, that none was better prepared to write such a history. But he was a sick man throughout the whole time given to the work, and had been for many months previous, so that it is nothing short of astonishing to those who saw the work in process of completion, that it was ever finished at all. He was not able to write even a word himself, but dictated the entire book, in whispers, for his voice was too weak for audible expression, and Brother J. W. Beer, wrote in long hand, the message as it came from the lips of the author. Sometimes there would be a forced rest for several days, and then the work would proceed again, perhaps with the sick man lying face down, on a couch, with a pillow beneath the dia-



ELDER MARTIN SHIVELY
Bursar of Ashland College

phragm, so that his voice might have the greater expulsive power. I have already said that this book was the last real work of Brother Holsinger, and now I must add, that it was, perhaps, the greatest disappointment of his life. He had hoped that it might have a large sale in the Church of the Brethren, and he also hoped to have it published by the great publishing house of that denomination. But those who had the decision to make for the publishing house, insisted that the manuscript must first be submitted for their approval, a demand to which he would not yield. After the book had been published elsewhere, he sent a copy to the Gospel Messenger for review. After waiting for some mention of it, for some weeks, he insisted that some public recognition be given, and then there came a few lines of review, printed in small type, and obscurely placed, and even the review was not friendly. His spirit was badly broken by this matter, though he might have anticipated it, because he had gone too deeply into the issues which had led up to the division, and being the chief sufferer in it, as well as in the events leading up to it, his grievances were stressed to the hurt of those who were chiefly responsible for them, and they could hardly have been expected to offer any help in the circulation of the story. And adding to his hurt, was the fact that our own people did not buy the book as it deserved, and the edition of 2,000 copies was not nearly all taken. This led to financial embarrassment, and his last days were not what such a man deserved. These last days were spent in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nowag, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1905, at the age of 72 years. His body lies on the highest spot in the beautiful cemetery at Berlin, Pennsylvania, and at his head is reared a splendid monument of granite, placed there by his friends, as a mark of their appreciation for what he was and what he did. Some years ago, the Pennsylvania con-

ference, then in session at Berlin, had a session at his grave. As I stood there, high in the Allegheny mountains, looking in every direction, I seemed to see at all points of the compass, the church of which he once was a part, flourishing and strong. Its missionaries were preaching the Christ in faith of whom he lived and died. Its colleges were dotted here and there, all the way across the continent. Its Sunday schools are manned as good as the best, and their enrollment is large. Its ministry is highly trained, with ever elevating standards. It pours its millions at the feet of the Lord, whom we too are trying to serve. All these things have come since 1881, and they have come because he dared to champion them, and persisted in such championship in the face of the ecclesiastical ostracism which such activity imposed. He never recovered from the pain, incident to the dark days through which he passed, from 1881 to 1883, but "his soul goes marching on," in the results of his agitation.

I first met Brother Holsinger during the summer of 1885, and for the next 15 years, I saw much of him. It was my privilege to be his pastor during the time the manuscript of his history was being prepared, and for a year thereafter, for he had come to Lathrop, California, so as to have the help of Brother Beer, who was to be hands to him in the task. I spent some time, every day, in his office, during this arduous period, and know whereof I write, when I speak of the difficulties under which he worked. His good wife, who had been Susannah Shoop, herself far from being a well woman, did all that faithful wife could do, to bolster up the wrecked body, to enable it to finish the task. Now she too sleeps at his side, her tired hands, like his own, at rest, awaiting the coming of the Lord, who brings his reward with him, for all who, like them, have wrought for him, and in him.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

V. Elder P. J. Brown

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Among the men whose voices were easily heard above the roar of the ecclesiastical tempest of forty years ago, none occupied a more conspicuous and worthy place, than the subject of this sketch. From the standpoint of those niceties of speech, which distinguish men in public address, he might not have been accounted a great orator, but he was a splendid thinker, and when he spoke, he always had something to say, and he said it so convincingly and fearlessly, that folks were compelled to hear. Those whose cause he championed, heard him with delight, and most of those whom he opposed, were cowed into silence. His English was faultless, but it was unembellished. That he could use an embellished style of speech, was beautifully demonstrated in his masterly address at the Dayton convention, June 6, 1883 where he sounded the key-note of the organization which was there effected,—an address built round this declaration,—“Our creed is the Bible, the perfect law of liberty, interpreted in the light of common sense, and the best scholarship. Other creeds have we none, and will accept none, though we be called rebels, scismatics and fanatics.” The circumstances under which this utterance was made, after years of controversy, resulting finally in division, made it thrill every hearer to the point of ecstasy. And in the days following, never a crisis developed when he did not have a message full of wisdom, cheer and hope. He could not endure shams, and he had an almost uncanny gift in discerning them. And in his philippics against them he could be as merciless as death. His membership in the church militant, was a militant membership, for he knew what he believed, and why, and was absolutely without fear in the defense of his position.

Brother Brown was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, one of the summit counties in that rather mountainous state. Like the hills which are there everywhere in evidence, it has produced a splendid group of rugged men, not a few of whom held distinguished positions in the early Brethren ministry. In face the communities adjacent to Myersdale and Berlin, have produced an unusually large group of the stalwarts of other days, and they are not without men of the same type in this day. These are sections made up, largely of folks whom we call the Pennsylvania Dutch, steady and high minded people. Brother Brown was one of these, and his speech betrayed his descent even to the end of his life. He was a man of middle height, well built, with muscles of iron. The hard work of his early life, contributed largely to the development of this powerful physique, and stood him in good stead in heavy drain which his later years brought. He studied dentistry as a young man, and until the end of his life, he served mankind in this field, as well as in the ministry. In the old days, when it was, by many people, thought to be a sin to pay a preacher for the services he rendered, he carried his dentists tools with him, and extracted the bad teeth of his stingy Brethren, and made false teeth to take the place of those which he had removed,—a service for which they were quite willing to pay, and thus he made a living for himself and his family. His tools were primitive enough, for he carried a pocket vulcanizer, which I warned him once would blow up, but which never did, and his dental work was quite as good as his sermons, and no higher compliment could be paid to

it. When his forceps gripped a painful tooth, that tooth gave no more trouble, because it came out of its setting, no matter how firmly established.

Brother Brown came to Wayne County, Ohio, in 1864, settling at Congress, where he lived until the end of his life. He had lived also in West Virginia, coming to Congress from there, though I know not when he had left his native hills in the Keystone state. He was ordained to the eldership in 1879, and grew rapidly into prominence in the denomination, which was then known as the German Baptist Brethren, having served as a member of the Standing Committee, the highest position attainable in that body. Both he and Brother Keifer were members of the Fairhaven congregation, serving as pastor there at various times, but in a large way, he was pastor of the entire brotherhood until the infirmities of advancing age made retirement imperative. Here he lived until the Lord whom he had so faithfully served, called him home to the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

I met Brother Brown first, in 1886, while I was a student in Ashland College, of which he was then a trustee. I saw and heard him first in action, at the first conference of the Brethren church, held in Ashland in 1887. No man could have been more kind or helpful to a young preacher, than he was to me, and a friendship grew up between us, which never waned until he was called home. His letters, of which I received many, were always helpful and encouraging, the last one having been written only a short time before his death, and which is still in my desk, gave evidence of a mind as clear, and interests as varied, as that of a man many years his junior. He is held in grateful and loving remembrance by all who knew him, and as I stood by his grave in the Fairhaven cemetery not long ago, bare of head and bowed in heart, there passed in swift review before me, the heroic life he had lived and the splendid service he had given, and I thought of the devout wish of the Psalmist, who must also have been thinking of a life worth while, when he said, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last days be like his.”

There were giants in those days, and P. J. Brown was by no means the least of these.

Ashland, Ohio.

WHY?

We have saved the soul of the man that killed.
We have turned to shrieve the thief,
We have worked and prayed, and have seen them made
And gave him our belief;
But for her that fell have we fashioned hell,
With a faith all stern and just.
It was so of old; and no man has told
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

For the men who thieved, and who killed and lied,
Who have slain the woman's soul,
We have worked and prayed, and have seen them made
All clean and pure and whole;
But we drive her out with a righteous shout
In our Pharisaic trust.
So the man goes free; but we did not see
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.



ELDER P. J. BROWN
A Pioneer Brethren Preacher

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

VI. Elder J. H. Swihart

By Martin Shively, D.D.

While I knew many things about the subject of this sketch, I do not know either the date nor the place of his birth, though I am fairly certain that he first saw the light of day in the state of Indiana, and believe that if he were living today, he would be almost if not entirely a nonogenerian. The facts I shall mention in this paper are some which I had from his own lips, in the many conversations I had with him. From these I learned that he was ordained to the ministry in what was then known as the German Baptist church, now The Church of the Brethren. This event occurred in August, 1886, Elder George Shively being the officiating elder, and by him the preacher-to-be was earnestly charged to preach the Gospel, saying nothing about the decrees of the church. In those days no great stress was laid upon the decisions of the Annual Conference, and this suited well the rather independent spirit of the new recruit to the ministry. And this was due to the fact that he never held the opinions of men very seriously, unless they were clearly supported by the word of God. He preached his first sermon soon after his ordination, at Bremen, Indiana, and had the pleasure of seeing one soul turn to the Lord on that occasion. Feeling that he needed time for reflection and preparation before entering upon the work to which the church had called him, he decided to remove to some community in which he would not be known, and in which exercise in the ministry would not be asked of him, until such time as he should feel prepared. Thus he moved to Rock Creek, Illinois, providing for the wants of his family by work at the carpenter trade, giving all the time possible to study, little expecting to be called upon to preach. He felt that he was the more surely hidden, because there was only one member of his denomination in the community, outside of his own family. However, he was soon called upon to preach a funeral sermon, and from this time on, calls came thick and fast, and to each of these he gave his service in response. The Lord so abundantly blessed his ministry, that in a few months a congregation was organized, with 65 charter members, and the preacher was widely called "John the Baptist," because of his frequent administering of the sacred rite. But not long afterwards, the new congregation received a number of recruits from congregations in the eastern states, and these, unhappily, came from localities in which much importance was attached to "Nonconformity", in the matter of dress, and these very soon called his attention to the fact that his people were not "in the order." He really knew little about "the order," and cared less, so that, sure enough, his flock did not look like the newcomers. The Annual Meeting party thus interjected itself and its teachings, into his work, and harrassed him more or less

so long as he remained even nominally identified with it. He was, however, ordained to the Eldership in the early 70s, and continued to preach the gospel as he understood it. In the Black River congregation, located in Michigan, to which he had been called to hold evangelistic services, he encountered the Seventh Day Adventists, who took issue with him on his teaching relative to baptism. The contention grew so warm that the Adventists sent him a challenge for a public debate upon the question. No man has ever loved peace more than Brother Swihart, but after many an honest effort to ward off trouble, he accepted the challenge. The debate which followed proved a great blessing to the Brethren cause, resulting in many additions to the church, to the great chagrin of his opponents.

He returned to Indiana in 1875, nominally a member of the German Baptist church, but in reality an independent. Here division had already come, the seceding party being known as the Congregational Brethren. He persisted in fellowshipping both parties, which created constant friction, until finally he publicly announced that we could not and would not longer be even nominally a party to the foisting upon men of a peculiar order of dress, and making the same a test of Christian fellowship. He thus formally withdrew from the Annual Meeting party, and cast his lot with the Congregational Brethren, and in September, 1881, he began the publication of a monthly religious journal called "The Gospel Messenger," and continued successfully to do so until June, 1883, when the so-called Progressives and Congregational Brethren were united into one body, when his paper was merged with the Brethren Evangelist. From that time until the infirmities of advancing



THE LATE ELDER J. H. SWIHART

age compelled a halt, no man was more active in the ministry of the church than he.

I became acquainted with this man of God during the winter of 1884-5, he being at this time pastor of the small congregation at Edna Mills, Indiana. A number of things stand out in my memory of him at this time. First, he was a powerful preacher, indeed one of the most effective it has ever been my privilege to know. He had an almost uncanny ability to touch the heart strings of men, and to draw from them sweetest music in honor of his King. He knew his Book, and he knew and loved man, and this knowledge he used to advance the Kingdom of Righteousness in the world. Second, he deserved even then to be known as "John the Baptist," for as I well remember, during a period of two years, during which he preached three sermons per month at Edna Mills, he did not fail once, to administer the rite of baptism in connection with the services. While he lived in the village, he spent but one Sunday in four there, preaching on Saturday evening, and twice on the following day, but with the results

which I have just indicated. I do not recall the other points at which he gave regular services at this time, but I do remember that he was much in evangelistic work, and that everywhere, his services were greatly blessed. You will be the more ready to believe this when I say that 3,500 souls were led to Christ by his ministry, and that 32 congregations were organized by him. I remember, too, his unfailing good humor and optimism, for during all these busy years of his life, the compensation he received was pitifully small, but there was never a word of complaint, either from him or his family, and they were all willing partakers of the privations which came, incident to the great service he rendered. Those who follow such pioneers reap the rewards which in great measure were earned by those who paved the way for them. I visited him, not long before his death, and was amazed at two things, at least. First, in spite of the fact that he had few of the comforts which most of us think necessary to living, he was as cheerful and happy, as if he had possessed every comfort which money can furnish. I said to him then, as I had earlier said to Brother J. B. Wampler, "May God grant me the grace to grow old as beautifully as you have done." No man is poor unless he admits it, and Brother Swihart lived absolutely above poverty. All who knew and loved him, must regret that he could not have lived longer in the beautiful Old Folks' Home at Flora, for there he died, after short residence,

but his new home is more beautiful still, for the Master who assured his own, that "He that reapeth receiveth wages," has not forgotten his faithful servant. The second thing which amazed me when I saw him last, was the fact that he did not wear glasses, but read the finest print without such help. I might have concluded that he was having his so-called second sight, but he told me that he had never worn glasses, nor needed to do so. Thus he was a remarkable man, physically as well as spiritually.

In spite of his unusual gifts, he was the very opposite of self-assertive. Indeed I never heard him say even a single word at our general conferences, unless he were called upon by some of those who knew the value of his counsel, and even then his remarks were very brief but to the point. But when he rose to preach the Word, his reticence fell from him, and he was possessed of the boldness which comes from both love of the task, and an unquestioned belief in its worth-while-ness. I am glad that it was my privilege to know him, and to have heard him so often in the presentation of Scriptural truth. And my reverence for his memory may at least in some measure be due to the fact that he was my father in faith, having led me into baptismal waters, and also ordained me to the Christian ministry. But I am sure that for other reasons, no man of my acquaintance is more worthy of a grateful remembrance.

Ashland, Ohio.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

VII. Stephen H. Bashor, L.L.D.

By Martin Shively, D.D.



DR. MARTIN SHIVELY,
Writer of Serials in
Pioneer Preachers

Elder S. H. Bashor was one of the most striking men, in his general appearance, whom it has ever been my lot to meet. He was not at all unusual either in height or weight, but with a head above average size, a shaggy crop of hair, and an eye that seemed to pierce through the object of his gaze, he did not fail to make a deep impression. He was born in Washington County, Tennessee, in 1853, dying only a few years ago at his home in Waterloo, Iowa, where he had resided for some years before his death. He was called to the ministry near Whitesville, Missouri, in 1875, only a few years after having united with the then known German Baptist church. His election to that high office, for he was elected, was only another instance of the weakness of that method of securing men for the pulpits of the church, for as I recall his story of the event, in a congregation of several hundred members, practically every man in it received some votes, and he with seven votes to his credit, was announced as the choice of the church. It was a most unusual thing for men so young to be chosen to such a position, for he was but 22 years of age at the time. What there may have been about him then to single him out from the group, I do not know, but I suspect that to at least a few, he must have given promise of power. At any rate he preached his first sermon two weeks after his call to the ministry, though not in his home church. He had come over to Indiana to visit his cousin, Brother J. B. Lair, strikingly like him in appearance, and on a Sunday morning during that visit, attended the services held in a country church, near Mexico, Indiana. In those days all the ministers present, sat together, behind a long table, with the Elder in charge at the head, and the youngest in the group at the foot of the line. I remember well his story of the event, as the elder invited the man who sat next to him to bring the message of the morning, but since he was not prepared, he passed the invitation down the line, even to its very foot. Since none seemed to be prepared, the elder in charge looked down the line, and noting the presence of the beardless stranger, asked if he were a member, and upon being assured that he was, he said, "Well, he does not look like one." So I am certain that he was not garbed as was generally thought proper. But nevertheless, he was pressed to bring the sermon, and at last ashamed to refuse any longer, he rose to his feet with trembling, but with a prayer in his heart. While the sermon was brief, before it was finished, practically every one in the church was weeping, and this was particularly true among the young folks in the congregation. Before dismissing the people the elder announced, "The young brother will preach again this evening." But at the evening service, he failed lamentably, and though the elder announced "The young brother will preach tomorrow evening," he said to himself, "never." But he did, and after a day spent pretty largely upon his knees, he told

me that he thought he preached the best sermon of his life. An invitation was extended to the unsaved that night, and a number made the good confession. There were six meeting houses in that congregation, and the services were continued, with three sermons at each, and 35 persons were baptized. From this time on for a number of years, the "young preacher" was in almost constant demand, and during the first two years, 2400 souls were added to the church in his meetings. And among the peculiarities attending this ministry, was the fact that the spirit of revival did not die when the special services closed, and in many congregations, baptism was administered almost every Sunday for a year, following the visit of the evangelist. It has been estimated that not less than 12000 souls were led to confess their Lord through his ministry. Eternity alone will reveal the measure of the influence of these years of service. He attended Ashland College for one year, and graduated later from the National School of Oratory, in Philadelphia, in 1883, but nature, and nature's God, endowed him richly, while the training of the schools, polished his unusual gifts. He had gifts as a writer also, having been associate Editor of the Brethren at Work, and the Progressive Christian. He was also the promoter and editor of the Gospel Preacher, a paper which reached a circulation of 4000 during its first year. During the later years of his life, he wrote and published a book entitled The Under Pup, being an attack upon extreme socialist propaganda. The style of this book was peculiar, since it was assumed to be the lectures of a down-an-outer, to his dog, but its arguments went home to the mark aimed at. All who knew him, and especially those who were so greatly helped by his ministry, will never cease to regret that he did not continue in the active service of the church, and all such dream dreams as to what might have happened if he had done so. No, he never renounced the ministry, and in fact he continued to preach as opportunity offered until near the end. But his entrance into commercial pursuits, both at home and abroad, and also his entrance into the political field, greatly interfered with the resolutions of his younger days, and too late he found that such things cannot be mixed with exercise in the Christian ministry. I know that if he had had the opportunity to live his life again, it would have been a life devoted to the preaching of the Word and its associated activities. "No man goeth a warfare, and entangleth himself with the affairs of this world," if he is to cherish the hope of success, and this great truth has been demonstrated so continuously in human experience, that it is a wonder that any one yet should make such a mistake, but alas, they do.

As a boy, in a Tunker home, I heard no name more frequently, than the name of Brother Bashor, but it was not my privilege to see him until the conference of 1887, and then only at a distance, because he was one of the big men, and I was an unknown boy in the ministry. A few years later, to be exact, in 1889, immediately following the disastrous Johnstown flood, he told the story of what he saw there, to the state conference at Pleasant

Hill, for he had come directly from Johnstown to the conference, when the waters had hardly subsided enough to begin the work of rescue. The details of his story were terrible, and he could tell them so faithfully, as to almost permit his hearers to see the awful wreck. I met him for the first time at this meeting, and the acquaintance there begun, ripened into a friendship which grew in warmth until it was terminated by his death. He spent many days in my home, and I feel that I knew him as intimately as any man could know him. The incidents mentioned in this brief paper were gathered from the conversations I had with him, and might be multiplied many times in number. It is because I knew his great strength as well as his weaknesses, that I regret the more deeply that all his life was not devoted exclu-

sively to the propagation of the cause which had gripped him so powerfully during the earlier years of his relation with the church, and all the more so because I believe that the world would have been richer in the things which make for real riches, for a ministry such as he would have exercised. What I have said in this vein is not to be construed as a criticism of him, for I knew him too well, and loved him too deeply to even think unkindly of the man who has gone to be with the Father who "remembereth that we are dust," and who forgiveth the blunders of his children. Through those who were led to Christ by his word, he will continue to speak, and in this sense he is not dead. For "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

VIII. J.B. Wampler

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Many of the later years of Brother Wampler's life were spent at Apollo, Pennsylvania, in the midst of the Allegheny Mountains, not far from Vandergrift. He was born in Armstrong county, in the Keystone State, January 8, 1837, and so far as I know, he never lived outside of that commonwealth. He united with what we frequently call "the mother church", when he reached the estate of manhood, and ten years later, was called to the ministry in that denomination. Still later, in 1884, he was ordained to the eldership, and both before and after the division in the fraternity, he served as district evangelist. In fact his ministry was largely of the pioneering type, for the fields which offered little in the way of compensation, seemed to appeal especially to his heart. If a congregation was all but down and out, or if a few members in an isolated location desired to make a try for the opening of a new church, he might always be secured to save the struggling group, or to make an effort to establish a new work at the behest of no matter how few. He was an excellent carpenter, and not a few of the church buildings in his state, which had become dilapidated, were rebuilt by him, not only as architect, but actually as builder. Just how many new church buildings he actually built with his own hands, I do not know, but I do know that there were several of them. And from yet other points of view, I know that the church has never had a more loyal son than it had in him. One never heard him in the pulpit without knowing what he believed and why, especially on the matter of baptism, and related matters. Just how much of training he may have had in the schools of his day, I do not know, but there never was any doubt in the minds of those who heard him, about his being a keen student for he knew his Book, and he was particularly well versed in the history as well as the theology of what are often spoken of as the Doctrines of the church. In his later years he compiled a history of Christian Baptism, and so thorough was the presentation of the subject, that all who read it could not but wonder how in the world he could ever

have brought the matter in it together. Folks who united with the church under his ministry, could never be satisfied in any other, because they were so completely indoctrinated, that they were Brethren to the end. He may have been dogmatic in his faith, for he never missed an opportunity to present his faith and the reasons for it, but at any rate, he could never be charged with vacillation, in the matter of denominational loyalty. The church, and by that I mean the Brethren church, was absolutely first in his thought, and no sacrifice which he felt that it called upon him to make, was even for a moment thought to be too great. Thus he was practically never absent from the conferences of the church, either state or national, and was always smilingly ready to undertake any duty which was assigned to him there. Even at 70 years of age, he averaged four sermons per week, from year to year,—an amount of service which would stagger many a younger man. But there was no complaint from him, and he went on until the final break, which culminated in his death.

Just when I met him first, I do not recall, but it must have been quite early in my ministry, and at one of the general conferences of the church, for we rarely missed any of these gatherings. Two things in him, impressed me from the very first,—his keen interest in all things which he felt would affect the church either for good or harm, and his unfailing good nature. I never saw him ruffled in spirit, and his face was always wreathed in smiles, no matter what the occasion might be. And in the days when the Brethren church was being reorganized, at Dayton in 1883, and at Ashland in 1887, with men of such divergent views, such men as he were highly essential to maintenance of balance, and he was not found wanting. Many men who reach advanced age, become more or less touchy and irascible, but not so with Brother Wampler, for it seemed to me that the older he grew, the more mellow his spirit became, and in one of our last talks together, I said to him that I am praying that I might grow old as beautifully as he. Of all the old men

I have ever known, I think that he and Brother Swihart had acquired the art of getting old gracefully, to a degree that is rare.

Brother Wampler passed to his reward several years ago, and his good wife has since followed him. At her request, the books which constituted his library, all of which show constant usage, are placed in the College Library, with the hope, no doubt, that others may find them as helpful as he, and for the same purposes. There are, no doubt not a few of younger folk in our church and even in our ministry, who never knew Brother Wampler, and perhaps not a few, who never heard of him

but there are few who have not in some way or other, been influenced by him, either directly or indirectly. For if the Brethren church is to survive the apostasy which is in the world to so great a degree, it will be largely through the influence of such ministries as his, and thus, though his tongue may be inarticulate, he will yet speak. In some measure he was like that Master whom he so faithfully served for he remained voluntarily poor, that others through his poverty might become rich, if not in worldly goods, then in that thing which constitutes true riches.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

IX. Eld. Joseph W. Beer

By Martin Shively, D.D.

The subject of this brief sketch, was born in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, March 26, 1838, and with two brothers,—Solomon and Jacob W., as well as two brothers-in-law,—Thomas Graham and J. B. Wampler, represented his family in the Christian ministry. His education was received in the public schools, presumably the "little red school house," and the Dayton academy, and he made such excellent use of his opportunities for mental improvement, that his scholarship was far above the average. He entered the church in 1859, and was called to the ministry two years later, in the county of his birth, being gradually advanced until 1881, when he was ordained to the full ministry, or eldership. In the prime of his manhood, he was a very forceful and logical public speaker, and a writer of noteworthy ability. In fact he was a poet, exceedingly ready with his rhymes. Again and again I have heard him ask for your name, and then, no matter how lengthy it might be, he sat down and wrote rapidly, and then handed to such person an acrostic poem, in which he had used the letters of such name as the first in each line. And what one would least have expected, the poem so written was not only good rhyme, but full of the best of sentiment. Many years ago, he wrote a poem entitled,—"Faith and Practice of the Brethren," which had a wide circulation in the denomination. He was editorially connected with *The Christian Family Companion*, and also *The Progressive Christian*. He was also the author of two books which were once well known among his co-religionists. The first, "The Jewish Passover and Lord's Supper," a book of 258 pages, and a "Summary of Religious Faith and Practice."

Brother Beer served various congregations as pastor, in the east and middle west, and was elected moderator of general conference of Brethren churches, held at Ashland, June, 1882. During the late 80's or the very early 90's, he moved to the Pacific Coast, settling in San Joaquin County, California, where he lived until the Lord called him to the "Rest, which remaineth for the people of God." He had for many years been a periodic sufferer from erysipelas, and, I think, it was after his removal to the west, that he found a remedy which quickly conquered it, but it left him with a malady which was far worse, for it apparently caused the development of a form of epilepsy, from which he suffered increasingly until the end. There were periods of some length during which he was apparently free from it, then there would be a recurrence, with increased violence, until he became entirely incapacitated for any kind of work, either mental or physical. I had known him slightly before the beginning of my California ministry, and during the first six years of my service there, I was intimately associated with him, and the more so, because during the last five years of this period, I was his pastor, and he lived very near me in Lathrop. It was during this period that the Holsinger History of the Brethren and Tunker churches



ELDER JOSEPH W. BEER

was written, and Brother Beer who had known Brother Holsinger, intimately in other years, became his amanuensis, writing every word of the book, at the dictation of its author. There were few days while the manuscript was in preparation, when I did not spend some time in the office where the work was being done, and what I saw was enough to stir the heart with pity. On one side of the flat topped desk sat Brother Holsinger, so weak that he could only speak in whispers,—so weak that his complete collapse at any time, would not have surprised nor shocked the onlooker. On the other side of that desk, sat Brother Beer, an old man too, but with a keen ear, and a steady hand, writing in beautiful script the story, as it fell from the lips of the sick man on the other side of the desk, but adding no word of his own, nor making any suggestion as to clarifi-

cation or improvement. If this work could have been done twenty years earlier, it would have been a different book, because then, Brother Holsinger would have been strong enough to have done most, if not all of the work himself, and if Brother Beer had been called in, he would have been a real associate in the task. The task was finished at last, each having given the best that was in him, and for each, it was the last outstanding effort of a life which had long before been dedicated to the service of God, and the well being of men. What I have said now about it, may add to the interest with which you may read the book, and a deeper appreciation of the effort which was put into it. In spite of the physical handicaps of these two men, they lived to reach advanced age, Brother Beer going hence at near if not quite 80 years of age, and Brother Holsinger but little younger.

Brother Beer was a tall, slender man, with kindly face and word, widely known and greatly loved by folks who knew him. His work is done, and he sleeps in ground hallowed by the dust of other valiant servants of the Christ. Whether he lived and labored in vain, so far as the church is concerned, depends upon those who have taken his place, and others who shall come after them.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

X. Elder John P. Wolfe

By Martin Shively, D.D.

In a ministry covering a considerable term of years, and a service given over a wide area of our country, it has been my privilege to meet many men of outstanding qualities of mind and soul, both in the ministry and out of it. By far the greater number of the men who served in the pulpit, have been worthy of the high place which they held in the hearts of those among whom they wrought, and all have left a decided impress for good. But the man about whom I am now writing, was most unusual in all the qualities of goodness which characterized him. I have even said that he was the best man whom I have ever known. At any rate he made an indelible impression on my life, and led me to wish, many times, that I might be at least as good as he, but since no such achievement has yet been attained, I am a bit fearful that it is getting pretty late to expect it. Brother Wolfe was born in Lee County, Iowa, in 1844, and as a lad of twelve years, he went to California, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, with his father and the rest of the family. His father was Elder George Wolfe, widely known as "uncle George", and like the son who succeeded him, he was also a man of sterling character and a devout soul. The family settled first at Watsonville, but after a residence of four years there, a new home was located, this time in the San Joaquin valley, near Lathrop, and from this community, both father and son were called to the "rest which remaineth for the people of God." John became a Christian at twenty years of age, accepting Christ at a Camp Meeting held by the few Brethren there, a service which for many years was held as an annual event. Ten years after his conversion, he was called to the ministry, with his brother, Joseph, and one of the keenest sources of regret, to the subject of this sketch, was the fact that that brother died soon thereafter, for he regarded him as being most promising material for a great preacher. This brother's death left him alone as his father's assistant in a preaching ministry, which covered many square miles of the then sparsely settled coast country. The father died in 1887, and after that time, the son was the recognized leader among our people over all that section of the state. From time to time, helpers were called in from the country outside, some of whom spent periods of various length as pastors, but no one could take the place which this wide section, accorded to Brother Wolfe. California had a sparse population even when I entered the field, in 1896, but sparse as it was, this man of God, as the people held him to be, was called

to preach over 200 funerals in a ministry which covered twenty-four years.

He was a farmer preacher, and one who worked hard to earn a livelihood for his family of four children, and to enable them to get the education which was denied to him, but he made a success of his farming, as he did also with the bringing up of his family. Exacting as the demands of his farm were, there were few Sundays when his voice was not heard, as he pointed men to the Savior,—their only hope, and the hope of the world. His sermons were brief expositions, and these given with a smile which never faded out, and a charity for human frailty, which never waned, made him among the most beloved of men, whom it has ever been my lot to know. He fell a victim to an acute form of tuberculosis during the winter of 1897-8, and died April 16, 1898. I was with him almost every day during the last two months of his illness, and shall never forget what happened on the day when he gave up to die. Until then, he had hoped, and even expected to recover his health, but when he suddenly awoke to the fact that there was no ground for such hope, he said, "Not my will, but thine be done." It was not an easy thing for a man of 52 years, and a man with four children all at home, and a wife, as well as an honest desire to further serve his church, his family and his community. But during the afternoon of the day when he had looked death in the face, he said to me, "Brother Shively, I would like to live a while longer, for I think my family needs me, and I believe I could still do some good for the church, but if it is not God's will that I do so, I am fully resigned to that will." He then gave me, his successor, his blessing, and told me about his plans and hopes for the church, and also a few things which he wished me to say to the people, when I should stand in the presence of his cold body, offering the consolations which the Word stands to give. I loved him as a father and the reader may try to imagine my feelings when that hour came. Only one other time, in a ministry of forty years, during which I have conducted almost four hundred funeral services, have I seen a whole community engulfed in sorrow and tears, as I saw on the occasion of his funeral. I think his death revealed to the people, the place which he had been filling in their lives, and like the Ephesians of a much earlier day, wept because they know they should see that kind face no more in this world. The people erected a monument over the spot in which we laid his body, and so long as I continued as

their pastor, they joined me in a brief service at his grave, annually, on the Sunday nearest the anniversary of his death. The family is scattered now,—Aunt Annie, his good wife, has gone to be with him, as has Laura, a daughter. Mayme is in Southern California, Homer in Northern California, and Rua,—Mrs. George Ronk, is in Iowa.

I suspect that if I should go back to Lathrop, I would be a stranger, and feel like one, but after the almost thirty years since he went away, I should still expect to find him living in the hearts of those whom he so greatly influenced in the days of long ago, and through them, his ministry of love would still be functioning. He was not a learned man, nor one possessed of outstanding qualities of intellect, but a good man, an honest man, a helpful man, a clean man,—a man of God, whose very life

was a benediction to all who knew him. Would that we all might be like him, in both the negative and positive qualities of character which were so conspicuous in him.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XI--Eld. Isaac Kilhefner

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Often as I write these brief sketches concerning some outstanding servants of God and of his church, there rises up before me, in memory, a great host of other good men, whose service was not given in the ministry, but in the laity—men and women too, to whom much of the credit should be given, for instances of unusual success which crowned the effort of men in the pulpit, but folks of whom you never heard. If I should live to complete the series of articles, which I undertook over a year ago, and in the preparation of which I have found it impossible to be regular, I shall want to write about some of these also, but for the present, I must ask your indulgence, and hope you will patiently wait until I shall have finished with this group of about forty of the ministers, whose names were household words only a short generation ago, but who, having passed on to their great reward, are all but forgotten, except by a group, which grows constantly smaller.

When my last paper,—number X, was printed, telling about one of the most prominent of the Brethren ministers on the Pacific Coast, the cut which once had shown the readers his beautiful face could not be found, and most of my readers have not the remotest notion as to the likeness of Elder John P. Wolf. Well, one thing cheers the heart of those who love the Lord, and who in common with us all, shrink from the oblivion into which most men descend after they have left this world some years.—The Lord whom we serve, does not forget.

Brother Kilhefner was a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Lancaster County of that state in 1850. But when a lad of four years, he came with his parents to Ashland, Ohio, and this was the section which he called "home", until he went to the home above in 1892. He was a farmer preacher to the end of his days, except for the brief venture in business at Gretna, in connection with his pastorate there. He was brought up in the Tunker fraternity and united with the church in 1877, soon being called to the ministry, in which he served with his father, both being ministers in the Dickey church, near Ashland. He cast his lot with the "Progressive" movement, and cheerfully took all that was involved in the step, serving faithfully and with distinction until his death. He was greatly blessed in the faithful wife, who freely shared in all the experiences of a pioneer ministry, and I always considered Amanda Kilhefner a most unusual woman. As for that, I am fully convinced that in practically every instance, the seeker after cause, will find close to the man who has won laurels in his relations with the world, a woman of great soul—either wife or mother. In the days immediately following the unfortunate division in the church, preachers among the "Progressives" were scarce, the demands heavy, and the people poor in this world's goods, so that the man who was willing to work, found plenty to do, if he was willing to do the work for the nominal compensation which the people could offer. Brother Kilhefner was much in demand, and so far as I know, he never refused a call for help, if it was physically possible to respond to it. During the



ELDER ISAAC KILHEFNER

One of the Pioneers

winter months he was almost constantly engaged in evangelistic work, which resulted in the organization of new congregations in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. And when he worked, he worked with all his might, both physically and mentally. Yes, he was a tremendous worker, and his messages could be heard a goodly distance from the place at which they were offered, and so far as I remember, he never failed to send his point home. I fear that it was this very hard work, and the exposure to which he was often subjected, that hastened his end, for he died at the age of 42, when, ordinarily, he should have had many years of service before him. But he gave himself absolutely without reserve,—all that he had, and I doubt not, the rest into which he has entered, with all it has brought, has furnished ample compensation to his devoted soul. He was not only unusually active in the work of the ministry, but served the church as the most active man

on its district mission board,—his death making a vacancy which was very hard to fill.

Perhaps a year before his death, he left the farm and became the pastor of the congregation at Gretna, Ohio, near Bellefontaine,—a congregation which he had organized, I believe, some years before. A small combination building was erected, part dwelling house, and part business room, and here he served the community in the double capacity of pastor and purveyor of the physical necessities of life. As he was making good in both fields, until kidney trouble forced cessation, and which quickly terminated in release from the flesh.

My acquaintance with Brother Kilhefner began in 1886, when I came to Ashland College, and here I met him often, and a friendship developed which was only terminated by his death. During these days, I knew him better, perhaps, than any of our ministers, and his going, bereft me of one of my closest friends. And now his good wife, too, is gone, and he lives only in the congregations which exist because he lived,—in the lives of those whom he led to an acceptance of the Lord, in whom to live, alone, is life. But he lives too in the lives of his sons, and among our people, particularly, in the life of that son whom we know best—E. L. Kilhefner, long a member of the Foreign Mission Board, and for years a member of the General Mission Board, a member of the Board of Trustees of Ashland College, where he serves in a position which his father served before him, and as a trustee of the Ashland city church, as well as the most widely known member of the congregation, or at least next to Dr. Miller. "Ed" is like his mother in that he is unassuming, friendly, and always good natured, and like his father in the depth of his convictions. Isaac Kilhefner did not live in vain, and like righteous Abel, "his works do follow him."

Ashland, Ohio.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XII. Elder D. J. Bole

By Martin Shively

Not a few of the religious organizations, local or general, are the result of the conviction, courage, and ability of a single individual, as is quickly noted as one takes a bit of time to look into their history. In fact most if not all of them had their rise in this manner. Thus the splendid congregation, with its excellent equipment, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, stands as a monument to the great devotion of the subject of this brief sketch. Following him was another, not a resident of the city,—Elder Henry Wise, who dedicated himself to the task of completing the work which Brother Bole had begun, and lived to see the work finished, and then passed on to join its real founder. To these two Brethren—Bole and Wise—this church stands as a memorial, and while both have gone into that rest that "remaineth for the people of God", in the influence which that church exerts, they still live and work.

"Dan" had excellent blood in his veins, half Bole and the other half Goughnour, both families being high minded, religious leaders in the communities in which they lived. This advantage was greatly strengthened by the wife whom he had chosen to be his life partner, this wife being Anna Replogle, who came from a family of equal caliber as his own. This makes an excellent combination, and while some men fail in spite of it, most of the men who "make good" enter life with such advantage.

Brother Bole was born near Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1857, being brought up on a farm, and later becoming his father's assistant in the lumber business, until he was twenty years of age. Then he took employment with the Cambria Steel Company at Johnstown, where he was employed for ten years, coming then to Pittsburgh to take work with another concern engaged in the same line. He had united with the Brethren church at Conemaugh in 1886, a year before his removal to Pittsburgh, and had at once entered enthusiastically upon Christian work. Even when the change of residence made it impossible to attend the church of his choice, he did not waver in his religious activities, and for a time he found a place in which to work in a Baptist church of Pittsburgh, but his loyalty to his own convictions made it impossible to compromise, so he resigned the superintendency of the Sunday school and rented a hall on Liberty street, where he opened a Sunday school, having forty-three pupils at the opening. From this humble beginning the Pittsburgh Brethren church had its origin. Brother Bole was superintendent of the school, of course, and in the absence of a pastor, he felt it to be incumbent upon himself to explain and expound the word, a work which revived in him an earlier call to the work of the ministry, a call which had been denied. Four years after the opening of this Sunday school Brother Bole was ordained to the Christian ministry, with Brethren Brown,



ELDER DANIEL J. BOLE. Founder of the Pittsburgh Church

Mackey and Spanogle officiating. After his ordination he became the pastor of the little flock in name as well as in fact and during the two years of his service, seventy-four additions to the church were among the visible results of the work. And during all this time, he continued in the employ of the great steel company with which he had begun when he came to the city. As soon as the growing congregation was thought strong enough to support a pastor he gave up the leadership, and Brother Darling became his successor, though he continued to be the real leader until his death in 1907. He was a man of unusually

fine personality, splendid appearance, indomitable energy and unswerving conviction. His energy and intelligence made it possible to have won big place in the financial world, but his church came first. His personality and reputation for honesty and integrity gave him the confidence of all who knew him, even slightly, so that he was elected to membership on the city council, a position which he filled as acceptably as he had filled those more definitely of religious character. When he died as he did at the age of 50, just twenty years ago, there passed on a man who would have gone far in any field of endeavor to which he would have given himself, and whose going caused deepest sorrow in the hearts of all who knew him. Not sorrow for him, but for themselves, for the loss they sustained was felt to be irreplaceable. Brother Kennedy of Pittsburgh; who sent the sad news to the Evangelist office said, "We do not see how we can go on without him." To die thus is not to have lived in vain, and as

I said in the beginning, he has an enduring monument in the church which he founded, and which he served so faithfully and creditably.

I met "Dan" only a few times, at our general conferences, but I well recall how I fell under the spell of his personality. He was dynamic, genial, and filled with a life which radiated to all who came in contact with him, and all who know him agree in that the world is a better place in which to live, because of such as he. His wife and son survive him, and they continue as leaders and workers in the congregation which he founded, and thus in them, and in the splendid men and women who constitute the membership of that church, the spirit which gave rise to it, still finds vital expression.

I rejoice as I think of the group of men who make up the present Brethren ministry, because as I look upon it, all fear as to whether the church will have vocal expression in the future is allayed. It is a splendid body, well worthy to succeed those who have gone before, but none of these ought to forget that it was the heroic devotion of men now gone, which blazed the way for them, and made their pathway easier. No real pastor in our modern ministry has an easy time of it, for the demands upon both his time and talent are perhaps more exacting than

at any time in the history of the church, but it ought to be encouraging to think that he need no longer sweat in the steel mill, nor drag his weary legs after the plow, as he prepares his sermons. But when he thinks his way unduly hard, it might add new courage to remember that

some who have thus toiled with their hands have wrought successfully also in the pulpit, in a ministry blessed to the salvation of men. And one of these was Daniel J. Bole.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XIII Elder J. H. Knepper

By Martin Shively, D.D.

The subject of this brief sketch, was born, I believe, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, as were a surprisingly large number of the preachers who were associated with the ministry of the church of twenty-five years ago. In the case of Brother Knepper, I have absolutely no biographical data at hand, and must draw entirely upon my memory of him, and the conversations I had with him. He was a member of the Brethren church at Berlin, Pennsylvania, uniting with it in the bonds of Christian fellowship, some little time before the unhappy division in the fraternity, which had its origin there, with the expulsion of Brother Holsinger. Brother Knepper was in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, serving as conductor on the mixed train which runs from Garret, on the main line, to Berlin. My imagination pictures him as a wonderfully popular man on the line, and I suspect that there were few of his passengers whom he did not learn to know by their given names, for he was one of the most genial men I have ever known, always smiling, with cheery words always at his tongue's end. He was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and his stories, told in that dialect or in English,—and he had a large fund of them, with his ever present smile, made him an unusually popular man, then and always thereafter. Besides these traits, he was one of the most handsome men I ever knew. And his physical charms were more than matched by the social and spiritual ones, so that, taking him from any angle, he was a very unusual man. He was called and ordained to the Christian ministry with Alvin A. Cober, also of Berlin, very early in the 80's I think, and I am very confident that Brother Holsinger must have been the officiating elder at the time. Soon after his ordination, he resigned his position with the railroad, and gave himself to the work to which he had been called by the church, preaching for a number of years in Pennsylvania congregations, but I cannot recall them. His natural inclination to witticism, led him to prepare and deliver his sermons from manuscript, lest his ready wit might have too large a place in his messages, and lead to too much levity, and by this method, he was kept to the more serious presentation of his themes. He had a splendid mind, and this with his geniality made him a very popular man in the church,—a popularity which found expression in the fact that he served more terms as moderator of district and general conference, than any man before or since. He was a splendid parliamentarian also, so that the work of the conferences over which he presided, was carried on with dispatch, as well as in good humor.

He was president of the National Ministerial Association of the Brethren church, for twenty years or more, serving in that capacity until the time of his death. It was in this connection that I came into closest association with him, since I, too, was an officer in the organization, and as such, was in correspondence with him, as well as in intimate conference. Of all the honors which the church had conferred upon him, he told me many times, that he prized his position in this organization,



THE LATE ELDER J. H. KNEPPER

more than any which had come to him.

Brother Knepper was one of the most gallant and devoted husbands I have ever known, and the warmth of his affection for the wife of his young manhood, never failed until the wife answered to the call of death, perhaps five years before he went on to join her. Thirteen years ago, when the Pennsylvania state conference was held at Berlin, he took a group of his friends to stand with him before a mound of earth, in the cemetery where he too sleeps, and said, "here my heart lies buried." Death meant the less to him, because it would bring him again to the faithful companion of the years gone by. And he was most fortunate too in the wife who had so long walked with him, for she was a helpmeet indeed.

Brother Knepper's last pastorate was with the church at Altoona, where he was as greatly beloved as he had been in every other community in which he had served. A great union evangelistic service had just ended, and a considerable number of the converts had cast their lot with the Brethren church, of which he was pastor. He had conducted the usual Sunday morning service, and had prepared to administer the rite of baptism to a waiting group. Standing in the pulpit, for a final word from the Book, he told me he felt death come upon him, and in a moment, he sank down in unconsciousness. He rallied presently, but from that time on until the end, he was an invalid, unable to preach, and constantly under the care of physicians, among whom there was never an agreement as to what was the cause of his illness. The Pennsylvania conference, held in June, at Conemaugh, sent a delegation of Brethren over to Altoona, to carry to him assurances of sympathy and love. It was a never to be forgotten meeting which we had with him, and as we bade him farewell, to go back to the conference, we all felt that it was our last visit with him. He lived until August, with little apparent change in his condition, and then went home to the "Rest that remaineth for the people of God." His daughter Edna, had gone into his room to ask if he would have some breakfast, and found him upon his knees, his spirit having taken its flight while he prayed. How long his body may have been in that posture, is unknown to us, but we who knew and loved him, like to think that again as he felt the approach of death, he slipped to his knees, and like the Master whom he knew and loved, he said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." His body lies beside that of his good wife, in the cemetery at Berlin, but he lives yet in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

Ashland, Ohio.

Seven Social Sins—There are, after all, only seven social sins: (1) Policies without principles, (2) wealth without work, (3) pleasure without conscience, (4) knowledge without character, (5) commerce and industry without humanity, and (7) worship without sacrifice.—The Rev. Canon Frederic Lewis Donaldson of Westminster Abbey.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XIV Edward Mason

By Martin Shively, D.D.

If one cared enough about the religious leaders and religious problems and thought, as it found expression forty and more years ago, to look up the files of the periodicals of the church, for that period, one name would rarely be absent from any of the weekly issues, and that is the name of the man about whom I am trying to tell my readers. Not only did he write much for the Progressive Christian, the Gospel Preacher and the Brethren Evangelist, but at least one book, "The Story of Jesus", and perhaps others, were written by his ready pen. Brother Mason was born at Camarghen, Wales, 1845, and came to the United States in 1870. He came of a prominent family, his father having been a member of parliament. He came to Wayne County, Ohio, some time before 1880, though I have not been able to learn the exact date, but he must have united with the church soon thereafter, for he was ordained to the ministry in the Beech Grove congregation in 1880, and was married to Rebecca Garver of Congress, Ohio, in 1881, with Elder P. J. Brown officiating. He became pastor of the church at Farmersville, 1883, and I think organized the congregation there, as well as the Miamisburg church, some miles below Dayton. For anything more that I want to say about this man, I must draw upon my memory of him, for I knew him well, and counted him as a very helpful friend in my early ministry, and the school days which preceded it.

Edward Mason was perhaps the most highly trained man in the ministry of the church in the days when he served. For he was reported to be a graduate of Oxford College, England, and surely his versatility both with pen and speech gave evidence of such training. I have heard it told of him that while living on a farm not far from Ashland, it was learned that he could not only farm, but that he could do even better work in a printing office, and when help was needed in the office of the Progressive Christian, he was solicited to furnish it. While so employed, it was accidentally discovered to that he could also write well, and he was asked to contribute editorially, which he did with such satisfaction to his employers, that he was at once promoted. In fact his advancement in all lines to leadership was phenomenally rapid, and in a surprisingly short time this man who had been known only locally, was known all over the brotherhood, both as a preacher and writer. He wrote under the nom de plume of Nosam, which was only his real name spelled backward. No man in our ministry was more widely known nor more respected.

Brother Mason was not born a Tunker, but readily ac-

cepted the doctrinal position of the church, the correctness of which was not then, nor now, difficult to prove. But I suspect that even from the first, he was not in perfect accord with its ruling in matters of "order", and while it is not reported that he made trouble about it at once, he was ready to become a champion of personal liberty in the matter, and when the division came, he fell naturally into the ranks of the "Progressives." I became acquainted with him in 1886, when I came to Ashland to take what training was offered, in preparation for the ministry to which I had but recently been called, and he gave valuable help to myself and the small group to which I belonged, delivering a number of lectures on preaching to us. I found him not only a trenchant speaker, but a man of warm heart, anxious to help us all on our way to an efficient service in and for the church. For this reason and others, I shall always remember him kindly, for I know that he, as do all the rest of us, received his greatest satisfaction in the consciousness that he was helping others. He has long been gone, to stand before the Lord whom he had served,—the Lord whose charity for the frailties of men made the Psalmist say, "He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust."

Ashland, Ohio.

GENERAL ARTICLES

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XV Elder John Nicholson,

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Brother Nicholson was a native of Pennsylvania, having first seen the light of day in Fayette County, May 15, 1824. He came of a long line of Tunker stock, his father having been an elder in the church for more than thirty years. He fell under the transforming power of the Holy Spirit as a young man, little more than a boy in fact, and gave himself without reserve to the leadership of the divine Prompter, making public confession of his faith and surrender, uniting with the church of his fathers. He was called to the ministry in 1853, by the congregation in which he lived, though he had received the call from Above some years earlier. He began his public ministry at once upon his ordination, becoming pastor of a congregation, which he served for one year. Then began a series of efforts in other fields—an unusually active ministry, which did not abate in its intensity until the infirmities of age compelled a halt.

Upon his removal from his native state, he came to Columbiana County, Ohio, where he served for six years, then to Holmes County, where he preached for four years, and then to Knox County, where he entered into a partnership with Brother Isaac Ross in the saw milling business, but Brother Ross looked after the business, while his partner went on with his chief business,—that of preaching the gospel. During this period of his ministry, he was mostly engaged in Home Mission work. Later he became pastor of a congregation at Bristolville, and next went to Amwell, New Jersey, where he served two years as a Home Missionary. After this term of service, he removed to Black Hawk County, Iowa, where he lived for a number of years, near Hudson, upon a farm which had been given to him by a brother-in-law, Samuel Cain, who believed in him to the uttermost.

The denominational crash came early in his residence there, and without a moment's hesitation he cast his lot with the "Progressives", officiating as organizer of congregations at Aurelia, Brooklyn, Rhinebeck, Elk Port, and Dallas Center, Iowa, and at Milford and North Manchester, Indiana, as well as at Beatrice, Holmesville and Pickrell, Nebraska. It may be questioned now as to whether it was a wise thing to organize congregations at all these points, since some of them were weak in numbers,—too weak to maintain themselves, at least with the kind of material at hand. But with such an enthusiasm as he himself possessed, no congregation could be too weak to do that, for if there had been only two members in it, that would have been quite enough to keep it going, and to form a nucleus around which to build up a strong, self supporting body. During this period of his life, he was preaching almost incessantly, and great success attended his ministry.

In 1893 he removed to a new location, this time into the far west—Rosena, California, where he had been led to believe that a successful Brethren colony could be es-

tablished. Here he invested not only his savings, but also the gifts which his trusting friends had bestowed upon him, and others did the same, only to lose their all, so far as worldly goods were concerned, for the water rights which were supposed to go with the land which they purchased, were swept away by court decisions, and without water the land was absolutely without value.

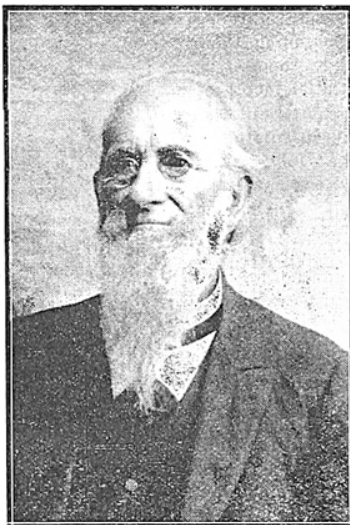
Nothing was left for them to do, but to dispose of their buildings for what they would bring, and vacate, which they did, and Rosena became only a memory. The Brethren at Lordsburg, now LaVerne, which was not far away, brought Brother Nicholson and his family there, and helped them to build a small home, out of the wreck of this disastrous venture, and here he lived in peaceful quiet until he was called to leave a world which had brought him too many disappointments.

It was early during his residence at Rosena that I met him, for at his invitation I had gone down from Lathrop to lead the Brethren there in an evangelistic effort. As I stepped off the Santa Fe train into six inches of loose sand, I seemed to be able to see at a glance the hopelessness of the situation from every angle. But he was bubbling over with enthusiasm, for the future held out for him the most rosy things, both for the colony and the church. And though the prediction I was ready then to make,

was realized all too soon, the enthusiasm which I found then never waned, no matter what came. Later I served him as pastor for several years at LaVerne, and though death claimed the wife of his youth during this period, his confident outlook never failed. Several years after my removal to Dayton, his daughter Maggie, went into his room to speak to him about some matter pertaining to the home, and found him sitting in his arm chair, as life-like as ever, but his spirit had gone to be with the God who had given it. And his body sleeps beside that of his wife at Glendora.

In my mental estimate of Brother Nicholson, I always associate him with two other Brethren—J. H. Swihart and J. B. Wampler. They were, I believe, the most "other worldly" men whom it has been my privilege to know. All three put the preaching of the gospel absolutely above every other consideration. If the folks to whom they brought their messages of truth offered them anything by way of compensation, they accepted it thankfully, but if nothing was offered, it seemed all the same to them. And from any ordinary view point, neither ever received in this life, anything nearly what such service as they gave, deserved. And no matter what that failure brought, so far as I knew them, there was never a word of complaint nor censure. I should hesitate a long time before uttering a word of blame for such utter disregard for the ordinary estimates of life, but I know that each died happy in the consciousness that he had given his all, to the cause which was precious to him, even above life itself.

Ashland, Ohio.



ELDER JOHN NICHOLSON
Pioneer Brethren Minister

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XVI Elder Josiah Keim

By Martin Shively, D.D.

The man about whom I shall try to tell you briefly, was born in Holmes County, Ohio in 1834, and died at his home in Louisville, Ohio, December, 1914, aged a bit more than eighty years. He came to Stark County when twelve years of age, and though there were several periods of residence at other places, Stark County and Louisville were always called "home." He grew up on the farm, where he did his full share of the work incident to such a life, but took advantage of every opportunity for mental training, attending school in the country, and also getting training in the high school of Canton, and in Mount Union College. Beginning at twenty years of age, he taught school for eighteen years, thus exercising in a ministry but little less sacred and helpful than that in which he served so acceptably in the years which followed. During his pedagogic days, he gave his heart to the Lord, uniting with the Tunker church, by which he was soon called to the ministry. For fifteen years he gave his best to the work of the church, and then, in 1884 he cast his lot with the Brethren, and became instrumental in organizing the church at Louisville, where he was ordained an elder. Brethren Holsinger and Brown officiating. For the five years following, he served his home congregation as pastor, remaining an active member of the congregation until the end of his life. When the writer accepted a call to serve the churches in the San Joaquin valley in California, he recommended Brother and Sister Keim to succeed him, and they accepted the call, serving the circuit of three congregations—Gratis, West Alexandria and Farmersville for four years. This pastorate was a very happy and successful one, for both the pastor and the people. At its termination he came back to Louisville, and except for another term of service at the College, he remained there until promoted to membership in the church of the first born, above. Both he and his good wife, then and now, "Aunt Sarah", made an ideal combination as pastors, for not only were each able to present gospel truth in a pleasing and intelligent manner, but each wore a smile which could not be rubbed off, and it was not a sham smile either. Their patience and unfailing good humor, as well as their unfailing loyalty to the Word, contributed much to the success which attended their efforts, no matter where put forth. That Brother Keim was popular with young people is evidenced by the fact that he married something more than five hundred couples during his ministry.

Brother Keim was a perennial friend of Ashland College, believing whole heartedly that the institution was absolutely necessary to the perpetuity of the church. He had lived long enough to see that men who received their scholastic training for the ministry in schools of other denominations, could hardly be counted as being the most loyal to our own. So, summer and winter, as well as in all other seasons, and year after year, he worked for the college, raising money, contributing freely of his own, serving as trustee, acting as manager of the dormitory for two terms of varying length, and in every possible way, making heavy contribution toward its salvation and increased efficiency. In fact the institution has never had



The Late Elder Josiah Keim
Faithful Minister and True
Friend of Ashland College

a more loyal friend and supporter, and while, as the goals toward which he and others strove, are in process of being achieved, and in the hour of success, such friends may be all but forgotten, the fact is, that had it not been for him and such as he, there would be no Ashland College to bless the world today. The last letter which I had from him, written a few years before his death, made it perfectly clear to me that the deep interest he had evinced in the institution in earlier years, had not waned in even the slightest degree, and while it was no longer possible to work for it as he had done, he could still pray, and that he had the school on his prayer list.

I am not at all sure just when and where I first met Brother Keim, but think it may have been at the general conference of

1887, or perhaps during my days at school here, somewhat earlier. At any rate, it seems now as if I had always known him, though I know that such is not the case. His good wife, Aunt Sarah, was with him and remains associated with him still in my thinking, though she is my neighbor now, and he has gone to be with God. He did not possess the meteoric brilliancy of some of the men whom I have known, either in mind nor speech, but his was a contribution to mankind equally essential as theirs, and perhaps even more lasting, for his kindly smile won for him a way into every heart with which he came into contact, so that the faithful word which he might utter, found more ready lodgment, increasing its power for good. Thirteen years have passed since he ceased to live here, and as many more, may go far toward erasing his name and deeds from the mind of men, though in the lives of those who knew and loved him—men and women made better by contact with him and in the institution for which he did so much, and in the Kingdom for which he wrought, and to which he dedicated himself, he lives anew.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XVII Elder A. J. Hixson

By Martin Shjvely, D.D.

Brother Hixson was born in Ohio, in 1836, and united with the Tunker church in 1861. He must have been highly thought of from the very first by his Brethren, for he was called to the ministry during the first year of his membership in the church. This was not a usual procedure, for ordinarily in those days, at least two qualifications must be present, aside from the spiritual fitness of the man to be chosen—he must have been a member of the church for some years, and he must not be a young man, lest the injunction of the Apostle with reference to novices should be violated. But here was a man of 25 years of age, and less than a year in the church, so there must have been unusual reasons present for the choice, and I am sure that I know what such reasons were. He was a young man of both training and natural ability, and spiritual fervor as well, and it must have been plain to his Brethren that the Lord had chosen him even before they did, and it was but natural that they should endorse the Lord's choice.

He became active at once in the work of preaching the gospel, and soon thereafter he gave himself to the task of evangelizing the poor mountain whites, in the rough country of Tennessee and Alabama, where such blessings attended his efforts, that a congregation was established and a church building erected. Unfortunately the work did not receive the approval of the powers that be, for the two reasons—that the denomination was not in position to follow it up, and more, because he had not emphasized sufficiently the matter of non-conformity, as taught by the church. Thus in spite of the promising beginning of work in the southland, the work was permitted to fail. In his later years he regretted that he did not dedicate himself to the task permanently for he always felt that the field was ripe for harvest. From 1870 to 1880, he served as pastor of the Fairview church, a rural congregation, located in one of the very best sections of Ohio, near Washington, C. H. This was then a strong congregation, whose membership made up the major part of the inhabitants of the community. In 1880, he removed from this church, settling on a farm not far from Parsons, Kansas with all the members of his family with him, except the eldest, Frank, who was at that time a professor in Ashland College.

In 1883, when the first breath of disunion was felt in that section, he was at once rated as a Progressive, and a committee of elders was sent to relieve him of both his ministry and his membership in the church of which he had so long been a part, but for some reason the effort was a failure, because his local membership was loyal to him to a man, as were many in the adjoining congregations. But sensing the situation, and realizing that a crisis could not be long deferred, he withdrew from the body, and organized the first Brethren church in southeastern Kansas. Other organizations followed, and for eighteen years, he was pastor of them all. In 1904 he became the writer's successor, as pastor of the church at LaVerne, California, and here he lived to a ripe old age, being called to the "rest which remains for the people of God" while a resident of that place. He had spent more



The Late Elder A. J. Hixson

than fifty years in the ministry, and it had been a fruitful ministry too, for more than a thousand souls found a Savior under his preaching.

When Brother Hixson came to Kansas, his home was not far from that in which I lived as a boy, and because my people were members of the Osage church, an adjoining congregation, I met him almost at once, for his children were about of my own age, and he and his family were often guests in the church which I attended. And the traveling was not only in that direction, but his way as well, and I was often a guest in his home, and it was a delightful home in which to be a guest. There were Lizzie and Charley and Ruth and Anna—a delightful group of young folks, and Mother Hixson, a tiny woman with a big soul, who had completely dedicated herself to the interests of her family and their friends.

As I look back to those days, I must confess that I was more interested in the young folks of the family than in the parents, but even young and thoughtless as I was, the powerful sermons of Brother Hixson made a deep impression upon me, and I am yet convinced that he was one of the great preachers of the day, if not the greatest, so far as my knowledge of preachers permitted me to judge. His training and ability were far above the average of the preachers of that day, in the denomination which he served. He was the first Brethren preacher whom it was my privilege to hear, for the reason that I lived so near to his home, and was on the field when the unhappy events earlier mentioned took place. And it was in his home, with himself presiding, that I witnessed the first communion in the Brethren church. I mean, of course, the first service of that kind which was held in that part of the country. One thing stands out particularly clear in my memory of that service,—it was an open communion, and several people not members of the new organization, availed themselves of the privilege which was extended to them, to participate in the service. The more than 44 years which have elapsed since then, have not obliterated that service from my memory.

I repeat again, this man was a powerful preacher, far more than a mere exhorter, and he had the skill to present his messages in such a way as to make them stay in the mind of his hearers. For if he were preaching in a school house, and most services were held in such a place in those days, he used the blackboard freely, for he had an unusual skill with a bit of chalk or a pen. But the voice which stirred multitudes is stilled forever, except as it speaks through others, led to such a task by his influence. Mother Hixson has long been gone, and Frank, and Charley and Lizzie and Ruth have followed their parents into the great Beyond, and only Anna, I think, is left of the whole family, which only yesterday, it seems, lived and loved and labored. And we who knew and loved them, shall follow in their train. Thank God for the Faith and Hope which reach beyond the ravages of time.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XVIII Elder E. L. Yoder

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Brother Yoder was a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Mifflin county, August 17, 1842. Of course that was a rather long time before I came on the stage of life, and an even longer time before I learned to know him, but I can easily imagine some of the outstanding characteristics of his boyhood and young manhood. First, he must have been an unusually large boy, and he carried his size all through his life,—a very large man, and large in every way. He must have been both fearless and patriotic, for, he volunteered for service in the great Civil War, remaining in the conflict to Appomattox, a member of the 101st Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. After the war had ended, he came to Ohio, and soon thereafter he united with the Tunker church, in this state, but returned to Pennsylvania to be married, and after another year's residence in that state, he came west again, where he was chosen to the ministry, and at once took his full share of the work incident to the care of the church of which he was a member. Since there were four other ministers in the same congregation, we was not overburdened with preaching, and his soul must have thirsted for service, and for real progress for the Kingdom. The Sunday school movement which was then experiencing a revival in the church of its origin, drew him into the ranks of its workers, and he found a field for his abounding energy, in its musical department, and he also found a field for work in advancing the circulation of the new religious journal,—The Christian Family Companion,—the paper which furnished a forum for all the forward looking elements in the church. Such a spirit had been developing for some time, and it simply had to have more voice than it had found opportunity to express, and when it found the opportunity in this journal, it seized upon it with avidity, too often impatient with what it thought the inexcusable slowness of the church. Brother Yoder was for the paper from first to last, and was an equally warm advocate of everything which could increase the influence of the church, and its incomparable message. With Brother P. J. Brown, he planned for and held the first Sunday school convention which was held by their church people, in the state of Ohio. When Brother Holsinger had been forced to give over the publication of the Christian Family Companion, into hands somewhat more considerate of the old ideas, he launched another paper—The Progressive Christian—and his old friends with Brother Yoder near the front of the list, flocked to the support of the new sheet, whose very name inspired them to heroic endeavor. But alas, the whole agitation proved once again that it is next to impossible to reform a large body from within, and at last they had no choice but to attempt the tremendous task from without.

When the cause of higher education found vocal expression among his people, he became a most ardent champion, not only in word, but in deed as well, for he, with Brother P. J. Brown, solicited funds and friends for the Ashland College to be, and assisted in locating it, becoming a member of its first board of trustees, and serv-



Elder E. L. Yoder

Pioneer in Sunday School and Progress in the Brethren Church

ing for years as one of its guiding spirits. For some years he served as president of the board. In 1885 he became one of the purchasers of the Brethren Evangelist, which had up to that time been a private enterprise, and he moved to Ashland to become its managing editor. On account of failing health, he was forced to give up this work, and in the hope of regaining his waning strength, he turned toward the west as so many have done for like reasons, before and since, but his first stop, Lockwood, Missouri, brought sorrow instead, for it was here that the wife of his youth, and the mother of his fine family, was taken from him. Another move, made almost immediately after this crushing blow fell upon him, took him to Falls City, Nebraska, and here he continued to reside until he moved into

the Father's house above.

Brother Yoder was one of the charter members of the reorganized Brethren church, and a leader in the movement which culminated in this event. In fact, if it is proper to speak of Christian men in this fashion, he was a member of the Big Four preachers in the new organization, the group being composed of Brethren Holsinger, Brown, Bashor and Yoder. If an honor attaches to the fact that he was a fearless, intelligent, forward-looking Christian, and one who believed in education in its best and highest sense, then that honor belongs to him, for he won it fairly in the field of heroic endeavor.

I met this great man,—great in size and great in brain and heart, at the first general conference of the church, held at Ashland in 1887, and again at the next conference, held at Winona Lake in 1892. Here he presided at the opening session, being chairman of the executive committee, and I recall with what respect I looked upon this veteran of the cross. I am sorry that I never learned to know him intimately, but two things stood in the way,—I was a boy in the ministry, and he a veteran, and then too, our fields were widely separated, but I knew him to be a man of sterling worth, and afar off I sat at his feet, the better for having done so. E. L. Yoder was the father of Dr. C. F. Yoder, the pioneer missionary of the Brethren church in foreign fields,—a worthy son of a worthy father, who finds in the achievements of the son, an answer to the longing of his heart in the days of his flesh.

Ashland, Ohio.

Some Brethren Church Leaders of Yesterday, as I Knew Them

XIX Elder Clarence I. Shock

By Martin Shively, D.D.

Thus far, in this series of papers, I have been writing about the older men in the service of the church, almost all of whom have answered the last call to the flesh,—to relinquish their relations with it and, move “to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death.” I am turning aside from this course now, to write of one of the younger men, a man of unusual gifts, for whom life in his chosen field held out many a splendid promise, but who was called to join the silent majority before the entire fulfillment of those promises. His name is given in the caption of this article, but he signed himself, C. I. Shock, and his friends, whose number was legion, united the initials, and called him “Cy.” He was born of good stock, Samuel and Margaret Shock being his parents, and he was the youngest of the family, I believe. He was born too in a great section of our great country, having first seen the light of day in the wonderful Miami Valley, not far from Dayton, where all the surviving members of the family yet reside. Not only were his parents of sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch stock, but they were earnest Christian people, and faithful members of the Bear Creek Brethren church, whose cooperation could always be depended upon, in the affairs of the Kingdom. Clarence early evinced a deep interest in the serious things of life, receiving baptism at the hands of his pastor, Brother Tombaugh, at the age of 16. Even before his formal entrance into the church, he had fixed his heart upon the Christian ministry as his life work, and at the age of 21, he was ordained to that holy office. He entered at once upon the task to which he had dedicated his life, serving as opportunity offered, but that he might make his efforts count for more, he entered Ashland College at the beginning of the present century, where he received six years of training, though his college work was considerably broken up by his evangelistic work, in which his efforts were very greatly blessed. Thus while still a student in college, he led in almost wonderful meetings at West Alexandria, and Gratis, in which hundreds were led to make confession of Christ. After his graduation in 1906, he became pastor of the congregation at Pleasant Hill, but was soon called to the pastorate of the congregation at Waterloo, Iowa, and here he served for the next two and a half years, until he fell a victim to cancer of the liver, and had to relinquish his work, waiting patiently for the call to come home, which was not long delayed. His ministry in this his last pastorate was as greatly blessed as his earlier efforts had been, and so great was the attachment of his people for him, that when his body was laid to rest in the Bear Creek cemetery, near Dayton, a delegation of the Waterloo Brethren were there, to mingle their tears with those who had known him all of his life, and who loved him too, with a sincere love. When his condition had become so serious that his physician in Waterloo decided that only an operation would save his life, he yielded, but that operation revealed the nature of his malady, and to Brother Gillin was assigned the heart breaking task of telling him the



Elder Clarence I. Shock

nature of his ailment, and its hopelessness. He was brought back to Dayton on a stretcher, where he spent his last six weeks here on earth, in the home of his sister, where on August 18, 1909, he passed quietly and trustfully into the Great Beyond. His age was only a bit more than 31 years, and all who knew and loved him, are yet united in the devout wish, that he might have been spared to round out the life which had gone on so auspiciously to its early termination, for short as had been the term of his service, he had made a wonderful impression for good upon thousands who knew and loved him, and who were led to a closer walk with God, because of his faith and devotion. His was one of the largest funerals I have ever attended, for he was buried from the Bear Creek church, which had been the family place of worship for many years, and where he was known to many hundreds of people. Upon the platform at the service, were the largest group of ministers, Brethren, and Church of the Brethren, that I have ever seen at a like gathering, bearing testimony to the worth of the life which had gone out. To die thus, is not to suffer defeat, for such a spontaneous outpouring of testimony upon the life, casts a halo upon not only the life itself, but upon the cause to which that life had been dedicated, and like righteous Abel, he being dead yet speaketh.

Clarence was a man of slight build, and of medium height, so that his physical proportions made little if any impression upon the folks whom he met, but he had a personality which won him ingress into every life with which he came into contact. The love which he held for all men, the warmth of his smile, and his intense devotion to the Christ whom he loved and served, made him all but irresistible, and it is little cause for wonder, that his death should have produced expressions of grief so wide and so deep. But short as his life was it was not in vain, for the world is better for such as he, because he served it well, in serving the Master who gave himself for it.

Ashland, Ohio.